



HINE
HABERLIN

A TALE OF THREE BROTHERS
PART ONE: HELLHOUSE

SPAWN[®]



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SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

STORY
DAVID HINE

PENCILS AND INKS
BRIAN HABERLIN

LETTERING
TOM ORZECOWSKI

COLOR
ANDY TROY

PRODUCTION
FRANCIS TAKENAGA
DIANA SANSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
FRANCIS TAKENAGA

COVER
BRIAN HABERLIN

PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN:

Al Simmons was a hit man for the US government until a treacherous assassin ended his life. At the moment of death, Al was offered a deal by the demon Malebolgia and returned to Earth as Spawn, a creature with supernatural powers born in Hell.

As Armageddon consumed the world, Spawn turned against his masters, destroying all life on Earth. While God and Satan continue their endless conflict in a parallel universe, Spawn has re-created the world and resurrected the human race, in what has become known as the White Light. The portals to Heaven and Hell are closed, leaving humanity free from the influence of angels and demons.

Spawn has been forced to face his own brutal past and the memory that Al Simmons beat his wife, causing her to miscarry their unborn child. Knowing he can never go back to his beloved Wanda, he has returned instead to the squalid alleyways that have become his purgatory.

The cracks in Spawn's brave new world are showing. Hell is hungry for souls and wherever evil rears its head, new doorways to Hell may open.

MANAGING EDITORS
JENNIFER CASSIDY
TYLER JEFFERS

SPAWN EDITORS
BRIAN HABERLIN
TODD MCFARLANE

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
OF SPAWN.COM
TYLER JEFFERS

MANAGER OF
INT'L. PUBLISHING
FOR TMP
SUZY THOMAS

PUBLISHER FOR
IMAGE COMICS
ERIC STEPHENSON

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD MCFARLANE

DEDICATED TO
JOHN CASSADAY



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
SPAWN.COM



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SUNRISE
HOTEL,
NORMAL,
ILLINOIS.

JEEPERS,
CREEPERS,
WHERE'D YA
GET THOSE
PEEPERS?

IS IT
OKAY IF I
LEAVE
NOW?

WHY'S
THAT
SWEET
CHEEKS?
NOT
HAVING
FUN?

IT'S SUNDAY. I ALWAYS SEE
MOMSY ON SUNDAY. WE GO TO CHURCH
AND THEN WE FIX LUNCH TOGETHER. WE'RE
HAVING WIENER SCHNITZEL... I THINK... AND
THEN... AND THEN... I FORGET... WAIT... OKAY...
YEAH... AFTER LUNCH WE TAKE SNAPPY AND
PUFFBALL FOR WALKIES ALONG PINE RIDGE,
AND I HAVE TO MAKE THE POTATO
SALAD... FOR LUNCH... SO...



...I WON'T
TELL
ANYONE. I
PROMISE.

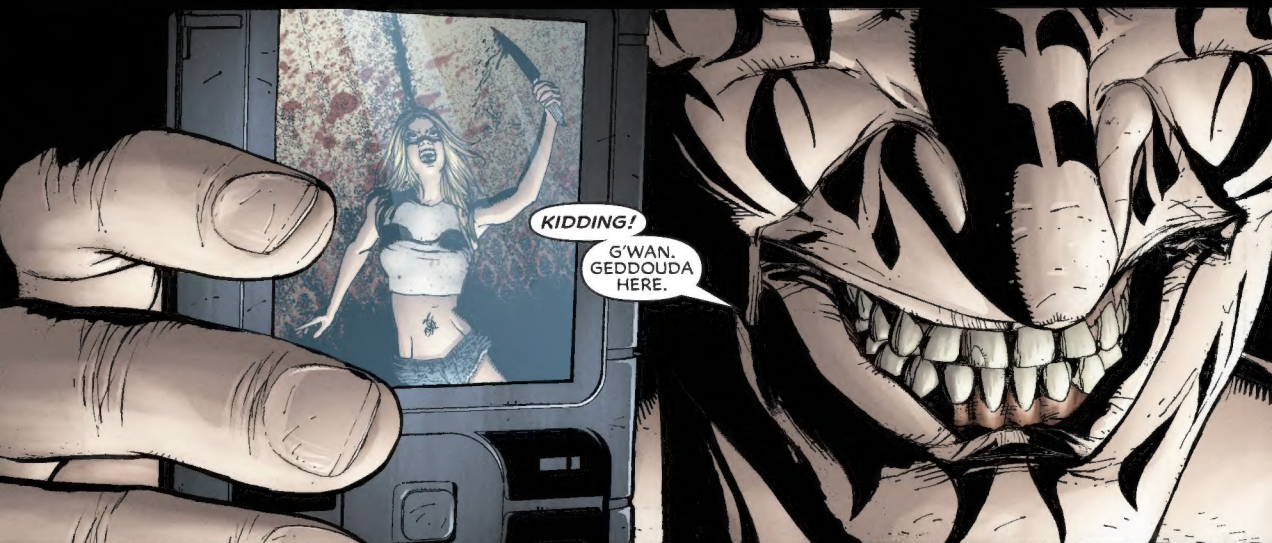
NEVER.

WELL,
NO. I
GUESS
YOU
WON'T.

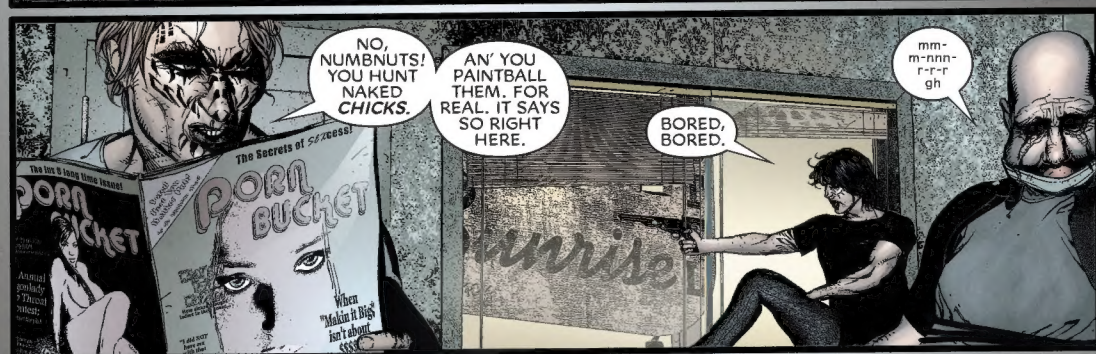
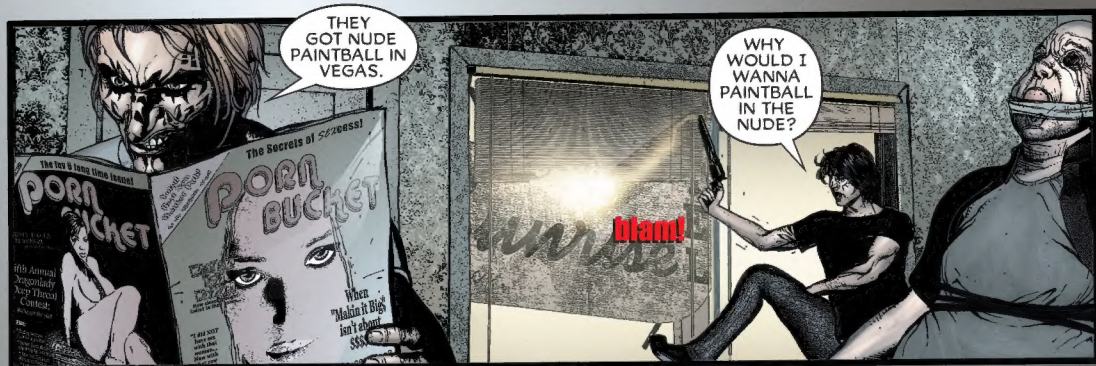
HEY, YOU
WANT ME TO
SEND MOMSY
THE PICTURES
I TOOK ON
MY CELL?

KIDDING!

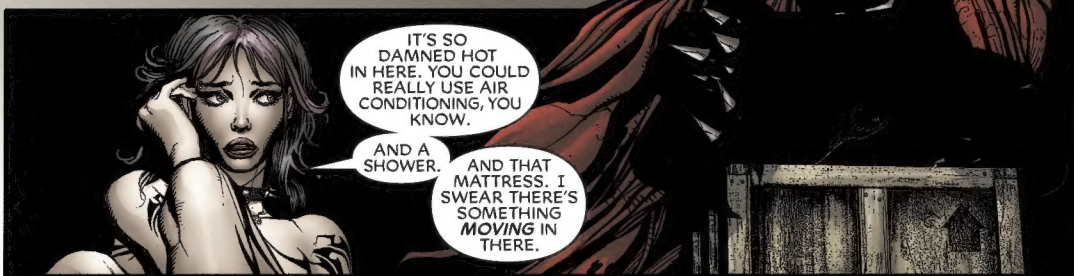
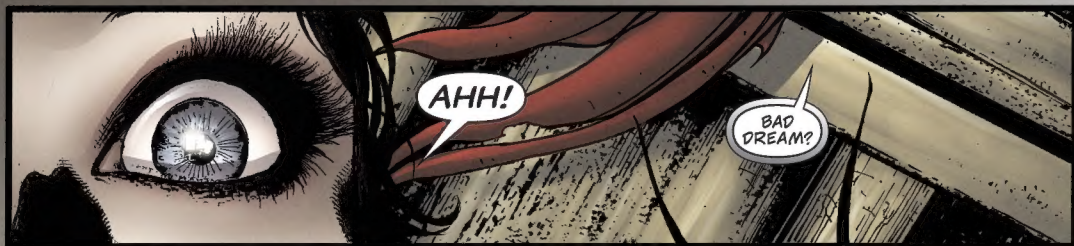
G'WAN.
GEDDOUDA
HERE.

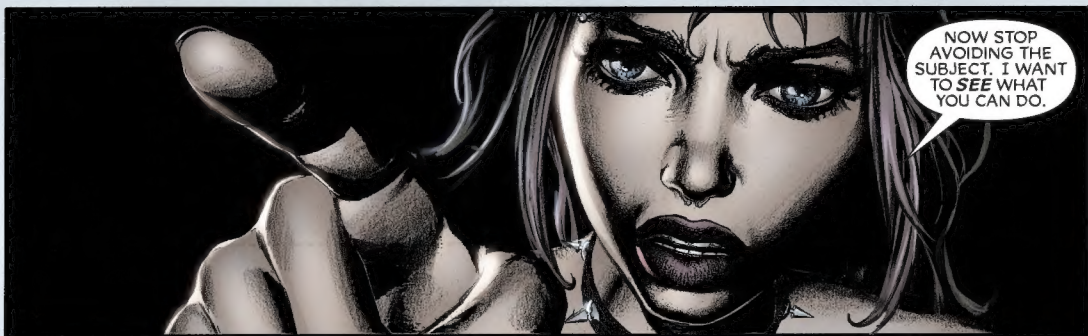
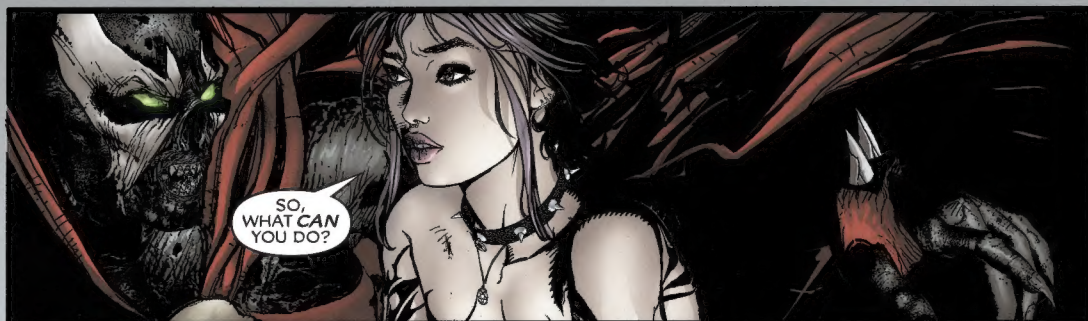
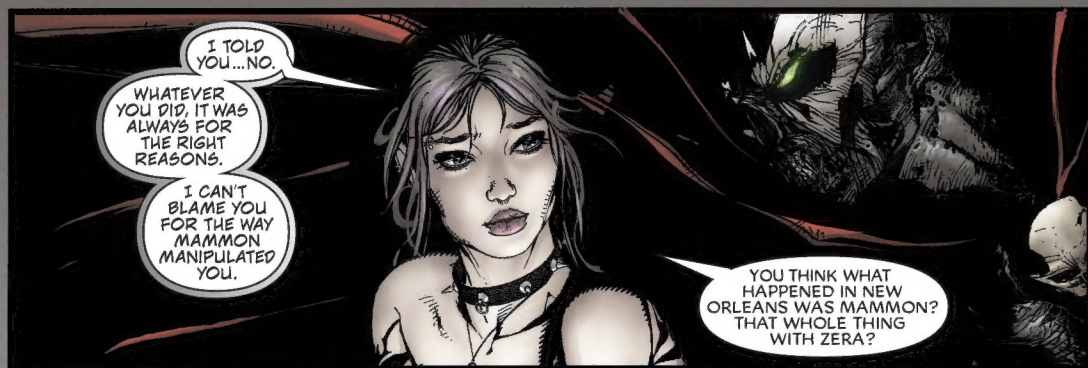












LATER.

YOU'RE
SURE
ABOUT
THIS?

I'M SURE.
COME ON.
IMPRESS
ME.

ALL RIGHT.
MY COSTUME IS A
SYMBIOTE. IT FEEDS OFF
ME AND IN RETURN IT
PROTECTS ME.


IT'S SENTIENT
BUT MOST OF
THE TIME IT DOES
EXACTLY WHAT I
TELL IT.



YOU
WANT TO
SEE ME
BREATHE
FIRE?



JEE-
SUS!



CONJURING TRICKS! THAT'S ALL IT IS, NYX. STAGE MAGIC.

I DON'T HAVE ANY REAL POWER ANY MORE.

YEAH? WELL REMIND ME NOT TO GET YOUR BACK UP WHEN YOU'RE FIRING ON ALL CYLINDERS.



I SAID I'D PROTECT THIS WORLD, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN.

SOMETHING'S MISSING.

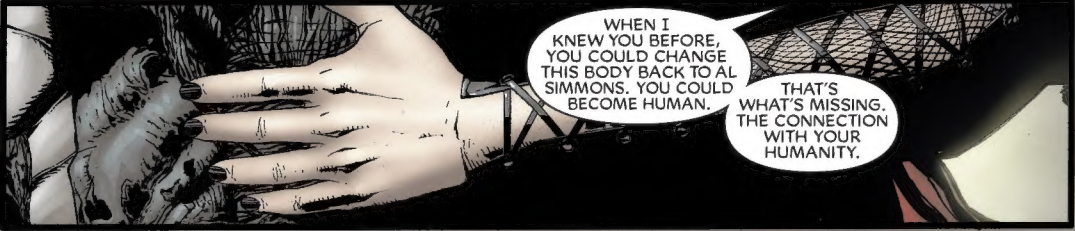


WHEN I USE MY MAGICK, I FEEL THE MASS OF THE EARTH TURNING. I FEEL THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE TIDES. I FEEL THE PLANET BREATHE.

YOU HAVE TO MAKE THAT CONNECTION, AL.



DON'T CALL ME THAT.



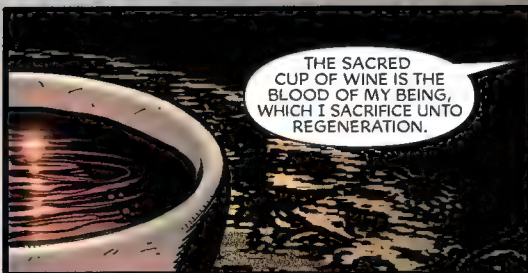
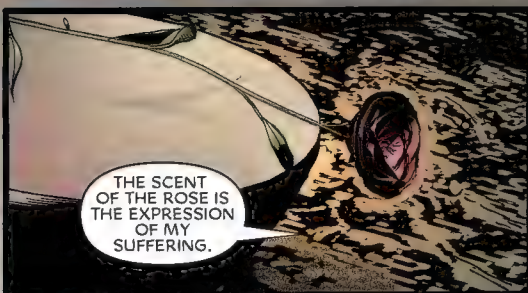
WHEN I KNEW YOU BEFORE, YOU COULD CHANGE THIS BODY BACK TO AL SIMMONS. YOU COULD BECOME HUMAN.

THAT'S WHAT'S MISSING. THE CONNECTION WITH YOUR HUMANITY.



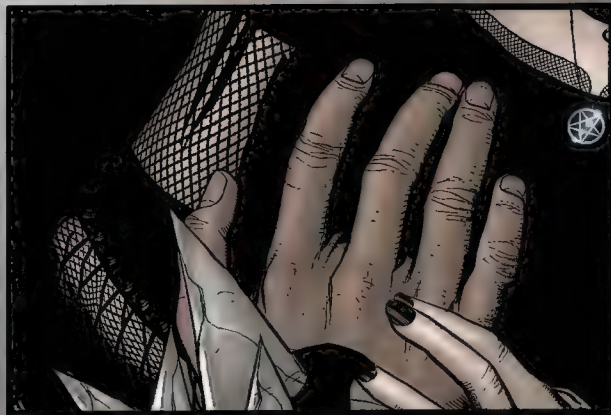
PLEASE. JUST TRY.

I CAN HELP YOU.

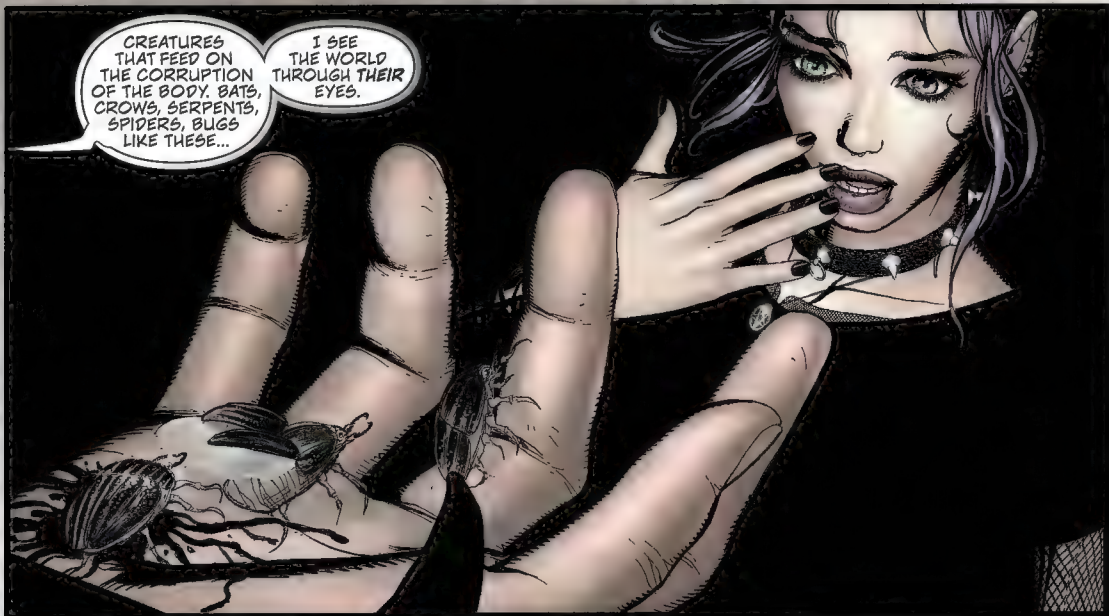


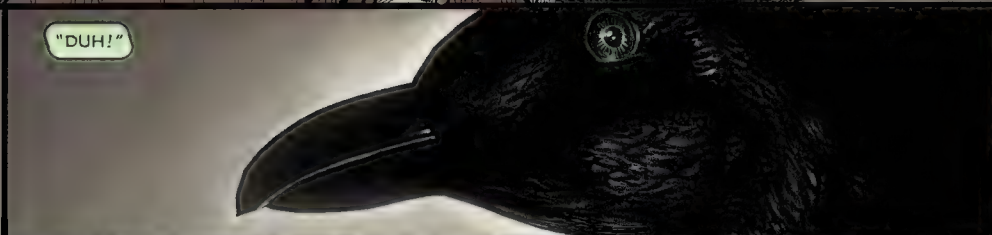
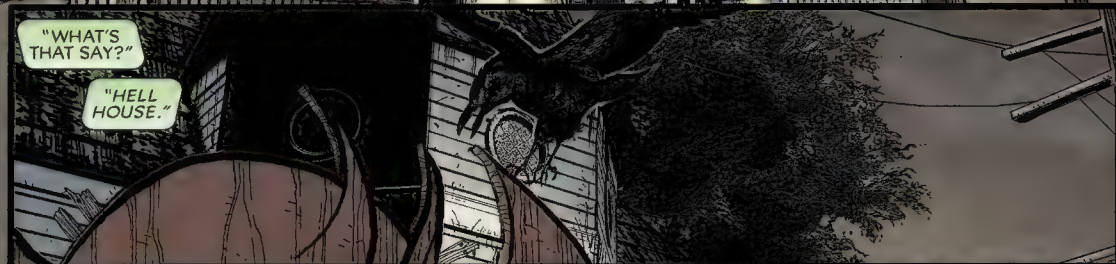


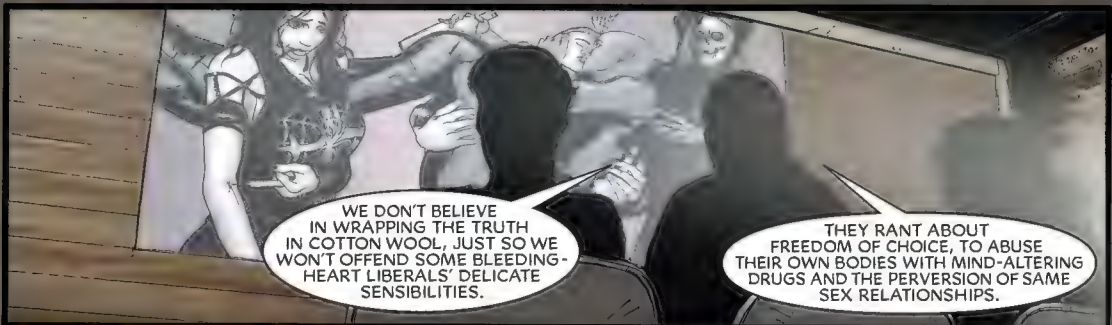
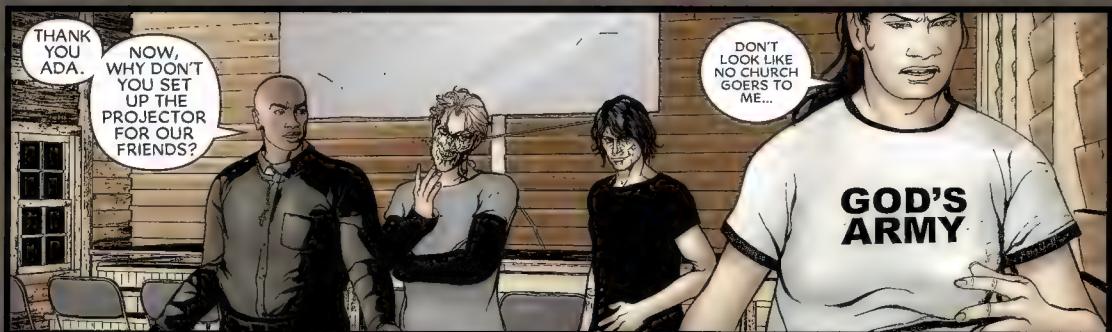
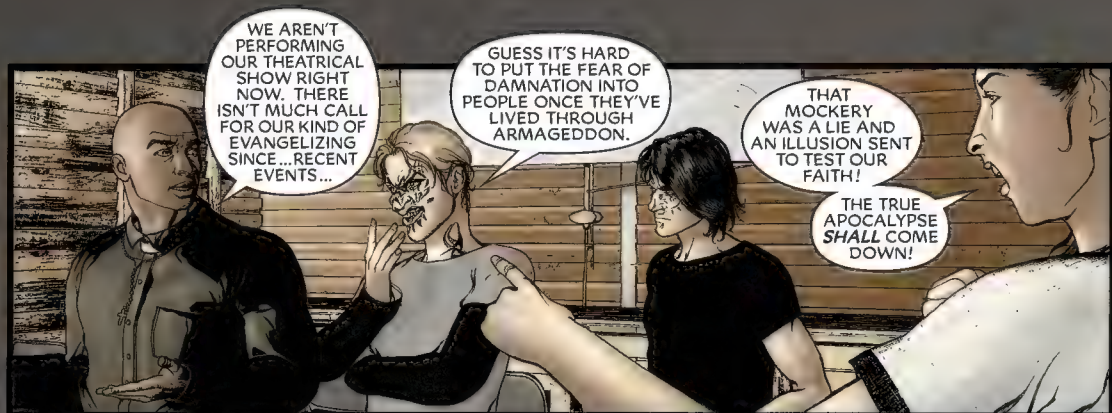
YOU SEE.

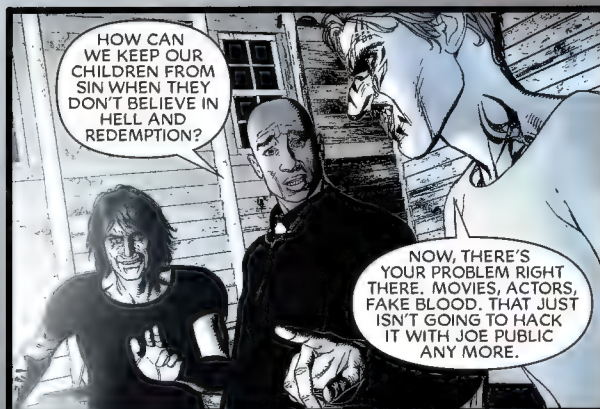
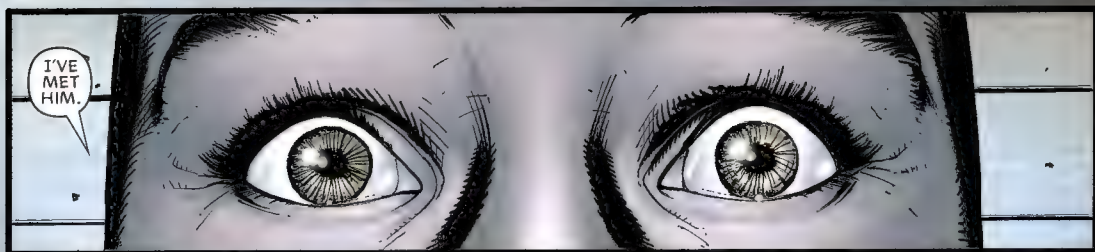
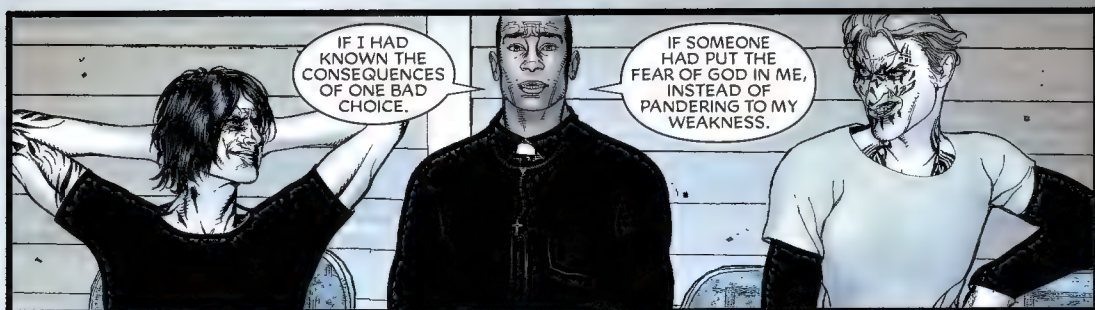


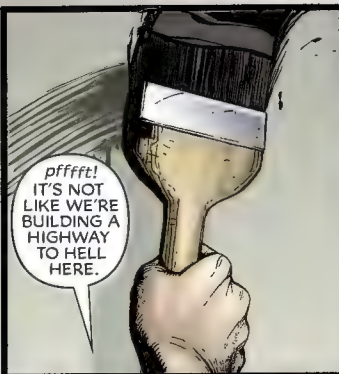
NO!

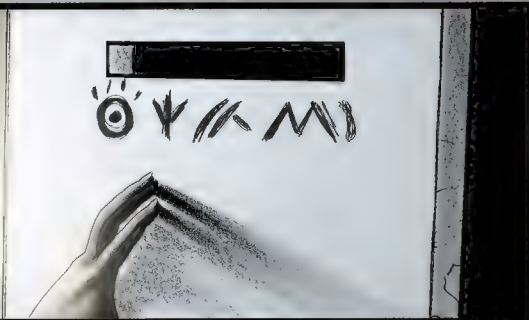
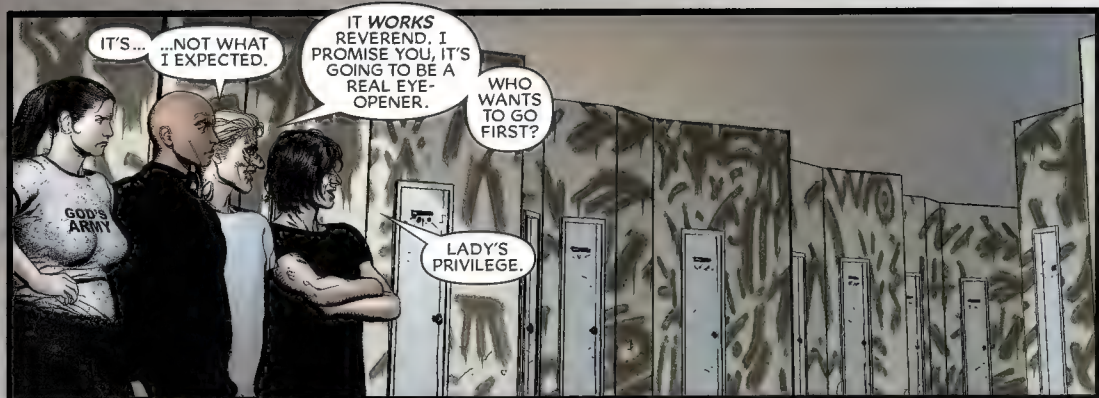




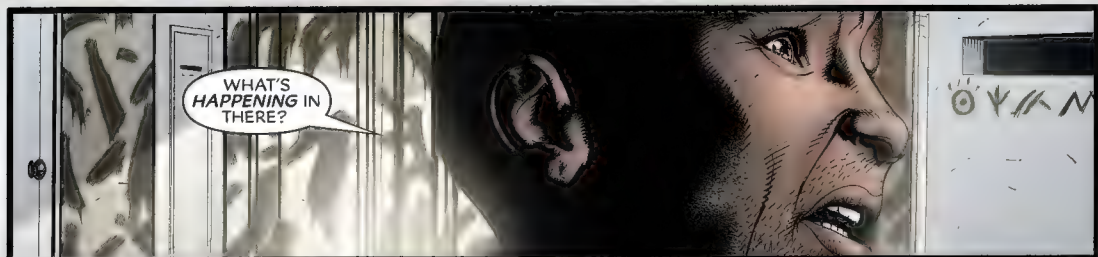




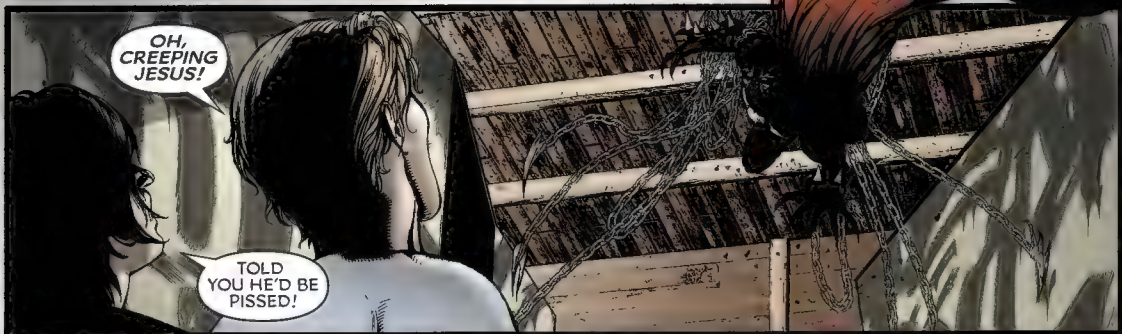




ADA
S-S-SUMMERS-
akk-uk-
IS THAT
YOU?













TO BE CONTINUED...





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE